Now to *Marina* bend your mind,
Whom our fast growing scene must finde
At *Tharsus* and by *Cleon* traind
In Musicks letters, who hath gaind
Of education all the grace
Which makes hie both the art and place
Of generall wonder: but alacke
That monster Enuie oft the wracke
Of earned praise, *Marinas* life
Seeke to take of by treasons knife,
And in this kinde, our *Cleon* hath
One daughter and a full growne wench,
Euen ripe for mariage sight: this Maide
Hight *Philoten*: and it is said
For certaine in our storie, she
Would euer with *Marina* be.
Beet when they weaude the sleded silke,
With fingers long, small, white as milke,
Or when she would with sharpe needle wound,
The Chambricke which she made more sound
By hurting it, or when to'th Lute
She sung, and made the night bed mute,
That still records within one, or when
She would with rich and constant pen,
Vaile to her Mistresse *Dian* still,
This *Phyloten* contends in skill
With absolute *Marina*: so
The Doue of *Paphos* might with the crow
Vie feathers white, *Marina* gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as giuen, this so darkes
In *Phyloten* all gracefull markes,
That *Cleons* wife with Enuie rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good *Marina*, that her daughter

Might

Might stand peereless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida our nurse is dead,
And cursed *Dionyza* hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath.
Prest for this blow, the vnborne euent,
I doe commend to your content,
Onely I carried winged Time,
Post on the lame feete of my rime,
Which neuer could I so conuey,
Vnles your thoughts went on my way,
Dionyza doth appeare,
With *Leonine* a murtherer. *Exit.*

¶ *Enter Dionyza with Leonine.*

Dion. Thy oath remember thou hast sworne to doo't. tis but a blowe which neuer shall bee knowne, thou canst not doe a thing in the worlde so soone to yeelde thee so much profite: let not conscience which is but cold, inflaming thy loue bosome, enflame too nicely, nor let pittie which euen women haue cast off, melt thee, but be a souldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I will doo't, but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the Gods should haue her.
Here shee comes weeping for her onely Mistresse death,
Thou art resolude?

Leon. I am resolude.

¶ *Enter Marina with a Basket of flowers.*

Mari. No: I will rob *Tellus* of her weede to strowe thy greene with Flowers, the yellowes, blewes, the purple violets, and Marigolds, shall as a Carpet hang vpon thy graue, while Sommer dayes doth last: Aye me poore maide,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22336) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.37) Octavo